Vrſula Why did you ſo, dooth not the gentleman
Deſerue as full as fortunate a bed,
As euer Beatrice ſhall couch vpon?
Hero O God of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man:
But nature neuer framde a womans hart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of Beatrice:
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eies,
Miſpriſing what they looke on and her wit
Valewes it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter els ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
She is ſo ſelfe indeared.
Vrſula Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good,
She knew his loue leſt ſheele make ſport at it.
Hero Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featured.
But ſhe would ſpel him backward: if faire faced,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an antique,
Made a foule blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildly cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all winds:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none:
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merite purchaſeth.
Vrſula Sure, ſure, ſuch carping is not commendable.
Hero No not to be ſo odde, and from all faſhions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable,
But who dare tell her ſo? if I ſhould ſpeake,
She would mocke me into ayre, O ſhe would laugh me
Out of my ſelfe, preſſe me to death with wit,
Therefore let Benedicke like couerd fire,
Conſume away in ſighes, waſte inwardly:
It were a better death, then die with mockes,

Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Vrſula Yet tel her of it, heare what ſhe wil ſay.
Hero No rather I will go to Benedicke,
And counſaile him to fight againſt his paſſion,
And truly ile deuiſe ſome honeſt ſlaunders,
To ſtaine my coſin with, one doth not know,
How much an ill word may impoiſon liking.
Vrſula O do not do your coſin ſuch a wrong,
She cannot be ſo much without true iudgement,
Hauing ſo ſwift and excellent a wit,
As ſhe is priſde to haue as to refuſe
So rare a gentleman as ſignior Benedicke.
Hero He is the onely man of Italy,
Alwaies excepted my deare Claudio.
Vrſula I pray you be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy: ſignior Benedicke,
For ſhape, for bearing argument and valour,
Goes formoſt in report through Italy.
Hero Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Vrſula His excellence did earne it, ere he had it:
When are you married madame?
Hero Why euery day to morrow, come go in,
Ile ſhew thee ſome attyres, and haue thy counſaile
Which is the beſt to furniſh me to morrow.
Vrſula Shees limed I warrant you,
We haue caught her madame.
Hero If it proue ſo, then louing goes by haps,
Some Cupid kills with arrowes, ſome with traps.
Beat. What fire is in mine eares? can this be true
Stand I condemn'd for pride and ſcorne ſo much?
Contempt, farewel, and maiden pride, adew,
No glory liues behind the backe of ſuch.
And Benedicke, loue on I will requite thee,
Taming my wild heart to thy louing hand:
If thou doſt loue, my kindneſſe ſhall incite thee
To bind our loues vp in a holy band.
For others ſay thou doſt deſerue, and I